

Wiz Khalifa, Wiz Got Wings

Wizzle got wings, Wizzle got errything, I ever wanted
They say they joy come with the pain, I make sure that my growth is never stunned

Be careful who you run with
One false move in the dirt, you could be under it
Had fun this summer, but now it's time to grind
Two bad bitches at once, how do I decide?
Khalifa Kush in the joint, keep them dollar sign eyes
Don't question my intentions, or mention me poorly
You way out of line
Make your decision, this boss advice
You don't wanna take it? I won't give it
But when it's all said and done at lest I I kept it one hundred with you

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Reputation without a stain on it
A pound, with my name on it
That sound like your favorite strain, don't it?
Bucket list with everything scratched off of it
Hard to miss, still learnin' new tricks, all my dogs in here
No excuse to blame it on appearance anymore
I'ma boss and it's crystal clear, I made the studio my office
Turned into a fortune, now it's forklifts to bring piles of money to the door for us
We don't worry 'bout the score, hardly lookin' at the board
Focused on what's goin' on right there on there floor

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Got yo' pussy wetter than a hurricane
Gotta couple bitches sippin' on McQueen
Then get back to my crib, she ain't gon' never leave
She walk with the Taylor's, that's the winnin' team
And the jets, nigga
Wizzle got wings, Wizzle got errything
The type to pay the bill and tell you "Keep the change"